



THE FATAL  
EFFECTS OF REVENGE.

(Continued from P. 70.)

MY son left me almost at the same time. I imagined that, after such excruciating emotions, he must have occasion for repose, or fresh air. I waited for him half an hour, and then enquired for him : I was told he had ordered his horses to be got ready, and had gone out with his servant—night arrived, he did not appear : I concluded that, to drown the bitterness of his grief, he had gone in search of dissipation amongst our friends in the neighbourhood.

The next day passed in the same manner. From morning till night I did not see my son ; I still imagined he had got into some party of amusement, which his friends had prolonged beyond expectation. I murmured only that he shewed so little attention to me : in the condition in which he might recollect he had left me, could he doubt that his presence and consolations were extremely necessary ? Or could his own feelings so soon allow him to deliver himself up to pleasure ?—The third day my sen-

sations were infinitely more poignant ; they became at length intolerable. After having caused, search for him every where in vain I abandoned myself to all the terrors which could alarm me, for an object so dear to me.—Some unhappy accident I dreaded—If any perfidy—Having surprized him unawares—The same villain, perhaps—Such were my unconnected, distracted thoughts—I saw no other resource but death, in losing all that could now attach me to life.

In this tormenting situation I remained fifteen days, when I received by the post two letters from a frontier town in Flanders. I opened them with eagerness, cast my eyes on the signatures, but knew them not. One of them informed me in the politest manner, that though he did not personally know me, he thought he owed to my rank an immediate account of the situation of my son. “He lives then !” exclaimed I, “thanks to the goodness of heaven !”—That he was in the hands of justice, and on the eve of receiving sentence of death, for two murders, which he did not deny.—“O my God !” cried I, with the greatest agony,

that ever tore the heart of a father; "my misfortunes then exceed even what I dreaded!"—That he had at first refused with obstinacy to declare his name, or the place of his birth; but that many letters found in his pockets, had discovered both; that the criminal process was far advanced, and that there was not a moment to lose, if I had the most distant prospect of saving him from punishment—"O my God, my God!" repeated I at every word. This was the whole of the substance of this cruel, though generous advice: the gentleman from whom I received it, added to his name the title of First President.

As the second letter could contain nothing more dreadful, I read it with a less distracted attention. It was wrote by the military commandant of the same place. He remembered, he said, to have seen me in some former campaigns, and my misfortunes touched him sensibly. That, though he knew the first president had wrote me by the same post, he would add such information as he had drawn from my son, in the horrors of a prison, where, as soon as he knew his relation to me, he had obtained liberty to visit him.—This dear and unhappy son, whose spirit, grace, and politeness, he admired as much as he lamented his misfortunes, had informed him in general of the moral outrage which I had received from one of my peasants, and the insolence with which this

wretch had crowned his horrible machinations, on his departure from the country; that, unable to endure the idea of such black, audacious villainy, he had departed without informing me; his mind entirely engrossed with compassion for my sufferings, and the deepest resentment against the author of them: that during four days which he employed in tracing the villain, he had not taken a moment's repose; resolving, if he could not overtake him within the kingdom, to follow him to the utmost confines of the globe; that, at length, towards the frontier, he had gained intelligence that he was not far off: apprehensive lest he should escape to some place where wretches, whose crimes are difficult to prove, might purchase protection, he resolved immediately to seize him. His first design was not to deprive him of life. He understood by the information he had procured, that he was on horseback, well mounted, with a woman on the crupper behind him, and dressed in the simple habit of a peasant. By this description, he had flattered himself that he might not only soon get up with him, but with the assistance of his servant, to seize him without difficulty, and to re-conduct him to my chateau, by making him travel with a pistol at his head all night, and securing him all day in some solitary wood. He wished to make me master of my vengeance, and once more to put in my power the villain who had occasioned the tragical fate of

his mother, and rendered me the most miserable of mankind.

He soon came up with the wretch ; he immediately recollected his mother's chamber-maid : terror seized them when they beheld the son of their old master ; they begged their lives in the most abject manner ; he gave orders to his servant to tie them together, and conduct them to the nearest wood : the woman upon this judging her death certain, uttered the most piercing shrieks ; and the peasant, leaping from his horse, prepared to defend himself ; he endeavoured to get possession of his pistols, which, in dismounting, he had neglected to secure : but my son, seeing a number of labourers, attracted by the noise, running towards them, and apprehensive lest his prey should escape, he gave way to the dictates of his vengeance, and blew out their brains with his pistols.

"His flight," continued the commandant, "could not have been difficult ; but after having got out of sight of the labourers, he relied too much on the nobleness of his sentiments, and the justice of his cause ; he travelled along, therefore, with too great deliberation ; and beginning now to find himself fatigued with the length of his course, and the want of rest, he made no difficulty of stopping at a village about three leagues from the scene. He never dreamt that one of the labourers had mounted

the peasant's horse, and following him at a little distance, immediately on his arrival at the village, gave information against him as an assassin and highway robber, whom the appearance of the labourers had alone prevented from reaping the fruits of his crime.

He was seized, together with his servant, while asleep. Next day he was carried to the city. His refusing to declare his country, his name, or his motives for the action, served only to precipitate his condemnation, under the title of a robber and a murderer. On learning his birth, however, they relaxed a little in their proceedings ; the murder was sufficiently proved even by his own confession ; yet they could not persuade themselves that robbery, the imputation of which he constantly rejected with disdain, could ever have been an object for a young gentleman of such sentiments and spirit. It was a mystery to the public ; the obscurity increased by the quality of the dead, who appeared to be of inferior rank, without a single paper about them, which could lead to a discovery, although amongst their baggage was found a considerable sum of money. The procedure, however, against him was far advanced ; and in all probability would conclude in the dreadful manner, which courts of justice generally make use of, to extort from criminals a confession of the truth."

This part of the letter would absolutely have deprived me of reason, had not the last article been a little more consolatory : notwithstanding the severity of the tribunal, the generous commandant promised me it should not be pushed any farther till he had received my answer ; when I might inform him what I had reason to expect from court, and the interest of friends : this delay he had obtained from most of the judges, on confiding to them what my son had informed him of : and it was at his solicitation that the first president had wrote to me : that, however, in an affair of this nature, where the éclat as well as the enormity of the crime, had made the public attentive to their conduct, I must be sensible how necessary it was to use all diligence, in order not to disconcert gentlemen who were disposed to favour my endeavours.

To urge me !—To recommend diligence to save my son !—it was friendly, but unnecessary :—by heavens I could have traversed the air—without deliberating on my measures ; without reflecting in the least on my affairs, or on my health, I threw myself into my post-chaise, I took the road to Douay ; on my arrival I waited on the generous commandant : with unfeigned grief he informed me that there was now no further hope : that he had secret but certain intelligence, that after a few more forms, which would employ about three days, the

sentence and execution would immediately follow.—I saw the principal judges, but their silent air, and mournful complaisance spoke language but too expressive.

*(To be Concluded next week.)*

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A PEEP  
INTO THE DEN OF IDLENESS.

YONDER ! under those ragged rocks, where the baleful yews waving theirsable branches of mournful cypress throws an awful gloom, a den, dark and ghastly, opens its horrid mouth ! 'Tis there Idleness is lodged, the great thief of time, and destroyer of innocence and human felicity.

What a dreadful cave !—how it yawns amid the noisome lakes and shaggy bushes ! Vices and sins breed here ; like monsters, they hiss with impudence, and howl with too late repentance. Security and Carelessness, half asleep lay at the mouth of the den. Sloth and Ignorance, joined hand in hand, stalk around. Hark ! how their mingled yells echo in the caverns of the rocks, and drive downy-footed Silence far away ! Prodigality and Wantonness hover aloft, and call their votaries to the scene of irrevocable loss, and to the prison of unavoidable destruction, which at a little distance opens before them : there crowds, led on by Error, and intoxicated with Folly, sport to ruin.

But what frightful figure is that now emerging from the cave!—Riot and Noise attends him, and Bacchus (jolly god), and Venus (bewitching queen) appear in the rear. That figure is Idleness, for defiance appears in his looks, and temerity and effrontery are stamp in indelible characters on his brow. Ebriety, too, with flushed cheeks, and staggering gait, appears in the group, whilst light-footed Mirth, led on by Gaiety, dance to the warbling notes of the birds of pleasure.

All around see the traps and gins put up to catch the imprudent, the giddy, and the thoughtless! Artfully are they covered over! but Wisdom's keen eye sees the dangerous snares, and turns back with abhorrence. And see yonder the deceiving waters of pleasure, and filthy lakes of impurity; a sink of vice and sin, where evil conceptions breed, and hell-bred monsters sport in the sordid waves. I am shocked to my very heart at the sight!—Come, heaven-born peace, and meek-eyed Religion, oh, come and destroy this horrid den, this rueful spot, where destruction secretly lurks, and where crowds daily unwarily resort to inevitable and delicious ruin.

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### BARTOLINI.

#### A MORAL TALE.

IN what manner slight disappointments prevent great distress-

es, it is, perhaps, not necessary for us to know. But to know that they really do prevent them, and to be able to bring them to a balance with the common ills of life, and to live and think and argue accordingly, is worth all the rest of our knowledge put together.

"Alas! how capricious is fortune," muttered a Venetian merchant, whose name was Bartolini, as he returned home after his usual fatigue in the hurry of business on the Rialto. "Ten times this very day," continued he, "have I been upon the point of a lucky hit, and some cross circumstance or other has still broke in upon my schemes. What signifies all our caution, or industry, or integrity? they can neither prevent ill success, nor secure good. Chance will, after all, have the most to do in our affairs; and therefore he that trusts most to chance is the wisest man. For my part, I shall depend upon nothing but being disappointed in whatever I depend upon, for the future." With these, and many more sagacious remarks of this sort, did the fretful Bartolini amuse himself, till he had by degrees argued and convinced himself out of every good quality he carried about him: And though he was in general a very honest and rational man, he might justly have been deemed at the moment when he went to rest that night, as abandoned a knave and infidel, as chagrin and ill-humour could make him.

His eyes were scarce closed, when Fancy, by an operation very common in sleep, put his life, if I may be indulged in the expression, twelve hours backward, and set him going again just in the temper and situation in which he began the unlucky day he had been complaining of. The first person he had seen that morning was a messenger, who informed him that a store-house of his had taken fire, and that the merchandize in it, which was to have been put on board a ship to sail that day, must wait for some future opportunity. This was the real fact ; and it was one of those lucky hits which the merchant was so angry to have missed. But this dream promised him much better fortune ; it brought the same messenger to tell him, that the goods were actually sailed in that very ship. And as imagination frequently crowds the transactions of a long time into a few minutes, Bartolini received advices from the captain of a prosperous voyage. The ship had arrived at the port ; the sailors had begun to unlade ; and things went on very smoothly, till a fatal letter blackened all the prospect, and told him, that a passenger on board had contrived to carry with him a parcel of contraband wares, which he offered for sale ; that the cheat had been discovered, the ship and cargo confiscated by the laws of the country, the commander and his whole crew confined in prison, and the names of all concerned in freighting the vessel,

made infamous upon the public mart, by a solemn proclamation. " Alas ! cried the merchant, " would to heaven my goods had perished ere I sent them on this unhappy venture ! Who would have thought it ? My credit ruined ! My name infamous !—Oh ! that I had seen my goods burnt in the port of Venice," added he, with an emotion which waked him, and which made him happy in recollecting that, instead of these misfortunes, he had only lost a slight piece of building, and the mere opportunity of sending, by one conveyance, that which he still had in his power to send by another.

Bartolini's mind was too much agitated by what had passed, and seemed to pass, to admit of any reflection. He awoke just to be relieved from the solitude his dream was pregnant with, and then sunk a second time into slumber. Before he had continued long in that situation, a person, of a very open countenance, corrected with a decent gravity, appeared to approach and accost him. " Signior," said the stranger, " you have spent a whole day in arraigning that providence which has befriended you as much in what you conceive to have been the losses and disappointments of the day, as it ever did in those events which you have most esteemed, and which really were the happiest in your whole life. If you will promise to make atonement, by judging in future with more candour, I will shew you

the misfortunes you have escaped."

The merchant was a little startled at this address, but the strong effect of his own reasoning on the subject, founded, as he persuaded himself, on experience, prevented his giving any other answer than a nod, which bespoke a sulky sort of acquiescence, rather than a cheerful approbation.

"You have seen," said the stranger, "in your dream, what might very probably have been the result of your succeeding this morning in the first thing you proposed, but as that shewed you only what *might* have been, I shall make no application of it now, but proceed to acquaint you with those events which, short as you may think the time, have happened since you saw the opening of the transaction.

"You remember the two men who were in such haste to purchase a quantity of your goods, that they seemed entirely regardless of the price. You remember too that the unseasonable absence of a servant, whom you had entrusted with the care of those goods, prevented their dealing with you, and sent them to another merchant, who was as much pleased as yourself with the advanced sum they offered, and who put them into immediate possession of the commodities they required. This you thought an unlucky circumstance; but permit me to set you right. Those men

were arrant cheats: the bills they drew for payment were forgeries: the securities they gave all a fiction: and the merchant who thinks himself so happy to have obtained the misfortune you have been deprived of, will too soon discover it. The rogues have already disposed of their purchase, in little lots, at an under rate, and are now dissipating the produce at a tavern, where one is lodged in the arms of a courtesan, and the other overwhelmed in drunkenness.

"Turn your eyes a little from the tavern, and you will behold a meagre figure, lurking in the corner of a street, with his hand upon a stiletto, which he hides in his bosom. He is waiting for a company, which he supposes to have met in the neighbourhood to celebrate a wedding. The company did indeed meet, but they have been dispersed some time, and all, as it happened, went home another way; so that the ruffian is like to be disappointed. But tell me, does not your rich uncle live near the place? Can you have forgot how you importuned your son to spend this very evening with the old gentleman, in order to ingratiate himself, and with what peevish anger you heard him plead an engagement of his own? See now what would have been the consequence, had you enforced your commands! Your son would have had the assassin's stiletto in his heart, and you would this instant have received the intelligence of his death!"

Say, then, unhappy man, have you not been saved, by trifling disappointments, from the severest afflictions to which human nature is here exposed?"

### AROEKE ;

OR,

FEROCITY SUBDUED BY AFFLICTION.

IN one of the nations of North America, a young heroine lived, named Arokee ; of invincible courage, unwearied in fatigues, insensible to pain, and resistless in action, she was the admiration of the Indians for those qualities which they themselves possess in so extraordinary a degree. But amidst her good parts, there was an irreclaimable wildness, a savage unappeasable fierceness, which broke out in occasional excesses, and threw her into situations of difficulty and sorrow.

Early in life, in a moment of thoughtless frolic, or sudden displeasure, she had shot an Indian, who passed unsuspectingly at a distance ; and it was with no great facility her friends, by condolence with the family of the sufferer, and by numerous presents, were able to avert the affects of an act of such wanton atrocity.

A party being about the same time detached on a secret warlike expedition, Arokee soon seized an opportunity of pursuing them. She

traced their footsteps for a considerable time, till all signs of their route failing her, she proceeded at hazard ; sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another, she thus traversed an immense extent of country, unappalled by dangers, insensible to fatigue, and regardless of hunger. She pursued her journey with more vigour than care, and the effects of travel beginning to appear, one day having sunk into slumber, when she awoke she found herself to be discovered, and in the hands of an unknown tribe. Seeing escape impracticable, and her weakness greater than she had hitherto felt, she resigned herself to her fate.

Such an incident is not an extraordinary circumstance to an Indian. The strangers admired her person and manners, committed her to the charge of a particular family, and Arokee became soon as familiar and known, as among her own people ; she partook in their diversions, their hunting, and their warlike excursions ; adopted into the tribe, a connexion was speedily formed for her, and she was united to a young warrior, after their nuptial rites.

This more regular life was soon broken by an event in which her ferocious temper was strongly exhibited. A sudden alarm one day reached the village that a small party were surprised by an enemy at no great distance. Arokee, roused at the word, rushed with

the rest to the scene of action, and plunged with blind phrenzy into the midst of the battle. This accession of strength soon decided the struggle. On the part of the victors much extravagant and barbarous exultation succeeded, shouting over their dying mangled foes, torturing their bodies, and wallowing in their blood. But the triumph of Arokee was momentary; she quickly perceived the wounded and dead to be the people of her own nation, and beheld among the prisoners her own father. Confounded and abashed, she shrunk from them; she felt a reproaching sensation in her breast, an uneasy, dissatisfying conviction of her guilty and unhappy condition. In the evening she learned her father was sentenced to death; her distress increased, and she resolved to rescue him from so wretched a fate.

The night had no sooner laid all in slumber and security, than proceeding to her father, she drew him away with mute violence, urging him with a meaning and distressed earnestness. He complied, with a stern and unmoved deportment. They penetrated the neighbouring forest; each continued in silence to traverse the gloomy wood, till on the opening of day, being far advanced, the parent of Arokee at length burst forth in reproaches and expostulations, and exposed in a strong light the ignominy and atrociousness of her offences; he could not take back to

his native tribe her who had been its open enemy, whose arm had on more than one occasion taken away the lives of its members. His anger and his grief, his sense of public justice, and the honour of his family, were wound up to such a degree, that he was on the point of sacrificing his daughter to these motives, when they were suddenly interrupted by a band of Indians, who broke unawares upon them. Arokee almost immediately beheld her father stretched at her feet; she, however, defended herself with such fury, such force and effect, that she was suffered to escape without much loss.

Arokee now pressed on in a new direction, intent upon avoiding her pursuers and enemies, like a hart that trembles at every motion; she fled with that alarmed expectation, with that uneasy apprehension which a heart naturally fearless, is sensible of, when guilty and pursued. The miserable end of her father, which she had partly occasioned, and had so lately beheld, was deeply sunk in her mind, nothing appeared to her but again to encounter the perils, the fatigues, the privations of an undetermined, unprovided, vagrancy, and that into remote and strange territories. She was excluded from her native tribe by hostility and blood; from the tribe that adopted her, by betraying its confidence, and from a third by open warfare. Where could she turn but find enemies, or the allies of her enemies. Here

was nothing but the lot of a fugitive and outcast, upon whom the blood of friends and relatives called for satisfaction and justice. Agitated by these sentiments, harassed and worn, hungry and fainting, for many months, she roved chiefly towards the south, merely kept alive by precarious and unfrequent supplies of food. Wearied at length, she was content to trust to the hospitality of a small European plantation, far from the parts to which she had been accustomed, to live in a humble capacity, a restrained and sedentary life.

The planter frequently related her history to his children, and the neighbouring Indians who visited him, for their amusement and instruction, and to shew that an evil and depraved conduct is productive of nothing but sorrow and distress.

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#### ANECDOTE

##### OF TWO LADIES OF THE TON.

THERE is nothing so pleasant as female friendship : Mrs. H—— and Mrs. B——, are almost inseparable. They are so happy when they are together—they are so unhappy when asunder. Though they have passed the morning with each other, they embrace when they meet in the evening, with all the ardour of long separated lovers, yet they are so blinded by their mutual attachment, as to pass over their mutual failing. A gentleman called on Mrs. H. last Wed-

nesday, and on enquiring after her friend, Mrs. B. received the following answer :—" She is certainly a charming woman, and I love her vastly ; and I believe she loves me better than any thing, except her own foot and ankle. They are pretty, to be sure, but still you know it is tiresome to see a woman always in the display of any casual perfections she may possess : she cannot sit upright in her chair, for fear they should not be seen ; and in crossing a yard of clean pavement, to get from her door to her coach, she draws her petticoats half way up her legs, in order that any accidental passenger may view the symmetry that belongs to them.— But she is incorrigible.—The gentleman soon after took his leave, and in the course of the morning presented himself to Mrs. B. and mentioned that he had just had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. H.—"The best creature in the world," exclaimed her friend, " I love her infinitely ; but I wish you would prevail upon her to pay a little more attention to appearances.— Though she has a very plain face, and is of a very clumsy make, she might contrive to put on her clothes so as to look something better than a chambermaid. To tell you the truth, if it was not for the servant who follows her, she would, especially if she was a little handsomer, be taken for, I know not what !" As Mrs. B. was speaking, the door was opened : Mrs. H. was announced ; the two friends flew into each other's arms, and

could scarce repress the ardour of their reciprocal congratulations. At this moment the gentleman glided away, as any other gentleman would have done, and was handsomely ridiculed by both the ladies.

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### VARIETY.

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ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.  
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#### THE PRISONER.

*A Sentimental morsel, founded on fact.*

“—Yes, Sir, I have tried that expedient likewise: But, alas! friendship is a summer plant, that flourishes only in the warmth of profession, and charity has dwindled into mere ostentation, that calls for a conspicuous record of every act. It is well, however—very well—for before I leave the world, it will be some consolation to have known how little it is worth. I was told this morning, that the only support which has been administered to my necessities, was withdrawn, and that this was the last day that I could hope for food, even from the compassion of the goaler. Behold that wretch: it is said that he is sent hither, after a life spent in villainy, for the crime of murder—but you see the benevolent laws of the country have provided him wherewithal to satisfy the calls of nature—nay, to make him comfortable in his chains.

Would you believe it? I saw an honest man whom he had once plundered—a prisoner for debt—ask him for a morsel of his allowance, and he refused it with a curse! It is strange—for why should the state nourish and protect the violators of its institutions, (and who are in that respect debtors to the public) and yet give up the necessitous violator of a private contract—without stipulating some price at which his enraged creditor may gratify his revenge? I am sick at heart, sir; my poor Amelia, and her infants, hasten this way—they will seek to comfort me, but they increase my anguish and despair.

Think well, ye creditors! the abuse of power is base: though tolerated *here*, how will it be *hereafter*.

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#### Remarkable

##### INSTANCE OF PRODIGALITY.

THE following striking instance of prodigality reduced to poverty and want, yet keeping up its character in the very hour of despair, is thus related by Mrs. Piozzi, in the first volume of her *British Synonymy*:—“Two gentlemen of Italy, were walking leisurely up the Haymarket, some time in the year 1749, lamenting the fate of the famous Cuzzona, an actress who sometime before had been in high vogue, but was then, as they heard, in a very pitiable situation.

Let us go and visit her, said one of them ; she lives but over the way. The other consented ; and calling at the door, they were shewn up stairs, but found the faded beauty dull and spiritless, unable or unwilling to converse on any subject. How is this, cried one of her consolers, are you ill ? or is it but low spirits, which chains your tongue so ?—Neither, answered she ; 'tis hunger, I suppose ; I ate nothing yesterday, and now 'tis past six o'clock, and not one penny have I in the world to buy me any food.—Come with us instantly to a tavern, we will treat you with the best roast fowls, and port wine, that London can produce.—But I will have neither my dinner nor my place of eating it, *prescribed* to me, replied Cuzzona, in a sharper tone ; else I need never have wanted.—Forgive me, cries the friend ; do your own way ; but eat, in the name of God, and restore fainting nature.—She thanked him then, and calling to her a friendly wretch who inhabited the same theatre of misery, gave *him* the guinea with which the visitor accompanied his last words ; and run with this money, said she, to such a wine merchant, naming him ; he's the only person that keeps good tokay by him ; 'tis a guinea a bottle, mind you, to the boy—and bid the gentleman you buy it of give you a loaf into the bargain—he won't refuse.—In half an hour, the lad returned with the tokay. But where, cries Cuzzona, is the loaf I spoke for ?—The merchant would give me no loaf,

replies her messenger : he drove me from the door, and asked me if I took him for a baker.—Block-head, exclaimed she, why I must have bread to my wine, you know, and I have not a penny to purchase any. Go *beg* me a loaf directly.—The fellow returns once more, with a loaf in his hand, and a half-penny, telling them the gentleman threw him three halfpence and laughed at his impudence.—She gave her Mercury the half-penny, broke the bread into a wash-hand bason, that stood near her, poured the tokay over it, and devoured the whole with eagerness. This was, indeed, a heroine in profusion. Some active well wishers procured her a benefit after this ; she gained about 350*l.* 'tis said, and laid out two hundred of the money instantly, in a *shell cap* !"

In a cause respecting a will at Derby assizes, evidence was given to prove the testatrix (an apothecary's wife) a lunatic ; and among other things it was deposed that she had swept a quantity of pots, phials, lotions, potions, &c. into the street, as rubbish.—"I doubt," said the learned judge, "whether sweeping *physic* into the street be any proof of insanity." "True, my lord," replied the counsel, but sweeping the *pots* away, certainly was."

#### The Perjured Lover.

By Mr. Holcroft..

MEN'S VOWS are false, Annete, I own,  
The proofs are but too flagrant grown.

To love I vow'd eternal scorn ;  
I saw thee, and was straight forsworn.

In jealous rage, renouncing bliss,  
When Damon stole a rapturous kiss,  
I took, with oaths, a long farewell,  
How false they were, thou best can tell.

By saints I vow'd, and powers divine,  
No love could ever equal mine ;  
Yet I myself, though thus I swore,  
Have daily lov'd thee more and more.

To perjuries thus I hourly swerve,  
Then treat them as they well deserve ;  
Thy own vows break, at length comply,  
And be as deep in guilt as I.

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We learn from Constantinople, that the Sultan Mustapha, has just sent the emperor Napoleon, six Arabian horses, as remarkable for their beauty, as for the magnificence of their trappings. To give some idea of the value of this gift, it is sufficient to say, that one of the cloths is embroidered with diamonds and pearls, and another with coloured stones. *Lon. fast.*

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A gentleman, who was well known to be fond of his bottle or two, said, one day, after having drank pretty freely, "the wine is very thick." No, no...said a friend, it is *you* are two thick with the wine.

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It was customary with Marshal Bassompierre, when any of his soldiers were brought before him for heinous offences, to say to them "By G—, brother, you or I will certainly be hanged!" which was a sufficient denunciation of their fate. A spy being discovered in

his camp, was addressed in this language ; and the next day, as the Prevost was carrying the man to the gallows, he pressed earnestly to speak with the Marshal, alledging that he had something of importance to communicate. The Marshal, being made acquainted with his request, exclaimed in his rough and hasty manner, "It is the way of all these rascals ; when ordered for execution, they pretend some frivolous story, merely to relieve themselves for a few moments : however, bring the dog hither." Being introduced, the Marshal asked him what he had to say. "Why, my lord," said the culprit, "when I first had the honour of your conversation, you were obliging enough to say, that either *you or I should be hanged* ; —now I come to know, whether it is *your* pleasure to be so ; because if you *wont*, I *must*, that's all." The Marshal was so much pleased with this address, that he pardoned him.

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Col. Bond, who had been one of King Charles the First's Judges, died a day or two before Cromwell, and it was confidently reported every where, that the Protector was dead. "No," said a gentleman, who knew better, "*he has only given Bond to the devil, for his future appearance.*"

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Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places.

The bishop of I. and C. declared one day that the punishment used in schools, did not make the boys a whit better or more tractable. Lord C. insisted that whipping was of the utmost service, for every one must allow that it made a boy *smart*.

A Friar in Italy, remarkable for his piety and knowledge of mankind, being commanded to preach before the poor, at the time of a jubilee, repaired to Rome some time before the day appointed, to see the manner of the concave, and to accommodate his sermon to the solemnity of the occasion. At length when the day came, having ended his prayer, he cried out with a loud voice, three times, "St. Peter was a fool, St. Peter was a fool," and then came down from the pulpit. Being immediately questioned by the Pope concerning the unsuitableness of his behaviour, he made this reply—"If, holy father, a cardinal can go to heaven abounding in wealth, honor, and preferment, and living at ease, wallowing in luxury, and seldom or never preaching, St. Peter *certainly* was a *fool*, who took so hard a way of travelling thither, by fasting, preaching, abstinence, and humiliation. The pope could not deny the reasonableness of the reply.

Some time since, a country company were exhibiting Hamlet, when a person was allotted to perform the *Ghost*, who, though destitute of stage requisites, possess-

ed great humour.—After the first scene with Hamlet was ended, the cry was so violently against him from all parts of the house, that he turned to the audience, and made the following laconic address :—"Why, ladies and gentlemen, what can you expect, for, by my own account, I am a *darned ghost*, and suffer *penal fires*?"—The outrage still continuing, he made his second appeal—"As it pleases you that I am not to *exist* as a player, I must of necessity, *give up the ghost*."—The mixture of sensibility and humour with which this was uttered, procured him so much the favour of the house, that his benefit was more profitable than that of any other performer.

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#### MARRIED,

On Monday evening last, at Monmouth, N. J. by the rev. Dr. Woodhull, Mr. Robert H. Cumming, of the house of Cumming & Day, merchants of this city, to Miss Emma Forman, daughter of the late General Forman of N. Jersey.

On the 26th ult. Mr. Chistopher N. Kiersted, to Miss Maria W. Bicker, daughter of Col. W. Bicker, all of this city.

On the 26th ult. at the Friend's Meeting-House, in New Bedford, Mr. Cornelius Grinnell, jun. merchant of this city, to Miss Eliza T. Russell, daughter of Mr. Gilbert Russell, of New Bedford.

By the rev. Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Lawrence Power, to Mrs. Margaret Coleman, both of this city.



*From the Pastime.*

We regret, in presenting this lively Epilogue to our readers, that we cannot impart the effect, which, exclusive of its uncommon merit, it derives from the arch and *piquante* style in which Mrs Stanley recites it.

*Epilogue to the Soldier's Daughter, as spoken by Mrs. Stanley.*

*Essentially varied from the original, by*

R. T. PAINE, Jr. Esq.

BEFORE the fatal knot is fairly tied;  
Before I change the widow for the bride  
Once more at this tribunal I appear,  
*A Soldier's daughter and a Volunteer.*  
Such am I now—tho' not by *martial*  
laws,  
I volunteer it—in my *sex's* cause.

Ladies! I one proposal fain would  
make  
And trust you'll hear it for your *Coun-*  
*try's* sake.

While *glory* animates each *manly* nerve,  
Shall gentle *Woman* from the contest  
swerve?

No!—

We'll form a *female* army of *reserve*;  
And class them thus: Young *Romps*  
are *pioneers*;

Widows, *sharp shooters*—Wives are *fu-*  
*zileers*;

Maids are *battalion*—that's—all under  
twenty—

And as for *light troops*—we have those  
in *plenty*!

Our smart gay milliners all deck'd with  
*feather,*

Are *corps of infantry*—for *summer wea-*  
*ther!*

Our Belles, who, clad in cap and panta-  
loons

Shoot as they *FLY*—shall be our—*light*  
*dragoons.*

Old Maids are *spies*—still fond of war's  
alarms,

They *love* the *camp*, altho' they *don't*  
*bear arms!*

Flirts are our *vah*; for they (*provoking*  
*elves!*)

*Draw on* a battle; but ne'er fight *them-*  
*selves.*

Our Prudes shall "*sap and mine*"; well  
vers'd to feign,

They fear no *danger*, tho' in *ambush*  
*ta'en*;

For who'd suspect a *Prude*—could *lay a*  
*train?*

Gossips, who *talk by rote*, and *kill by*  
*prattle,*

Shall serve for *Bulletin's* to every battle.  
*Vixens*, the *trumpet* blow—*Scolds* beat  
the *drum*;

When *thus* prepared, what enemy *dare*  
*come?*

Those eyes, that even *Freemen* could  
enslave;

Will light a *race of vassals* to their  
graves:

So shall th' *artillery* of female charms  
Repel invaders, without *force of arms.*

If this succeeds, as *I* the scheme have  
plann'd,

I hope, at *least*, the honour of com-  
mand.

Train'd on this field, and disciplin'd by  
you,

I'm doom'd to pass your—*critical 're-*  
*view*;

For all recruits are, by the law's direc-  
tion,—

*Women or Soldiers*—subject to "*inspec-*  
*tion.*"

In *love or arms*, which claims the *great-*  
*er skill,*

EYES that can rifle, or CARBINES that  
kill?

Which best displays the tactics of the  
art,

To storm a city, or subdue a heart?  
Yet one distinction woman's fate ob-  
tains;

When towns capitulate the victor reigns;  
The vassal prisoner bows him to the  
stroke,

And owns the master that imposed the  
yoke.

But WOMAN—vanquish'd—still pursues  
the strife,

She yields her freedom to become a wife,  
And thus surrenders—but to rule for  
life!

A Parthian war she wages with her eyes;  
Routed, she triumphs—and triumphant,  
flies;

For new campaigns, she deigns to be  
outdone,

And grounds her arms—to slaves her  
eyes have won.

Not so the band who till Columbia's  
soil,

Disdaining peril, and innur'd to toil,

A firm, proud phalanx, whose undaunt-  
ed hand

A bulwark rears to guard their native  
land;

And teach invading foes that host to  
fear,

Which boasts the name of patriot vo-  
lunteer.

—What say you now? If you approve  
my plans,

Receive your General with "presented  
fans!"

Now brother soldiers—dare I sisters  
join?

If you this night your efforts should  
combine,

To save our corps from anxious hope  
and fear,

And send out Mercy as a—Volunteer,

To whose white banner should the cri-  
ticks flock, (shock;

Our rallying numbers might sustain the

The sword shall drop—then cease im-  
pending slaughter....

If Mercy's shield protect.....the Soldier's  
Daughter.

TO HIM WHO SAID,

"You live only for the World."

By Miss Owenson.

OH! no...I live not for the throng  
Thou seest me mingle oft among,

By fashion driven.

Yet one may snatch, in the same world  
Of noise and din, where one is hurl'd,  
Some glimpse of heaven!

When gossip murmurs rise around,  
And all is empty show and sound,  
Or vulgar folly,

How sweet! to give wild fancy play,  
Or bend to thy dissolving sway,

Soft melancholy.

When silly beaux around one flutter,  
And silly belles gay nonsense utter,  
How sweet to steal

To some lone corner (*quite perdue*)  
And with the dear elected few,

Converse and feel!

When forced for tasteless crowds to  
sing,

Or listless sweep the trembling string,  
Say, when we meet

The eye whose beam alone inspires,  
And wakes the warm soul's latent fires,  
Is it not sweet?

Yes, yes, the dearest bliss of any  
Is that which midst the blissless many  
So oft we stole:

Thou know'st 'twas midst such cold pa-  
rade

And idle crowds, we each betray'd

To each...a soul.

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